

The Yankee Pass.

(Original.)

It was at a period soon after the close of the Revolutionary war that Aaron Whitney, a Yankee peddler, passed through the Mohawk valley on his way to Albany. The day was Sunday, and there was a law among the Dutchmen of those parts that no one should travel on that day. Moreover, there was as much antipathy between Dutchmen and Yankees as there is between cats and mice. How the Dutch ever left Holland to make homes in a new country beyond the sea no historian has ever explained, for when a Dutchman was once settled anywhere he never moved. Not so the Yankee. He would take up a piece of land, improve it, sell it and go somewhere else.

"Meln Gott," exclaimed one of the deacons of the Dutch church, "see that Yankee traveling on the Lord's day! Was ever such blasphemy? Let us take him before Justice Van der Donk, who will doubtless mete out his punishment."

So they took Aaron before the justice. He was sitting under an apple tree near his house, with a glass of schnapps beside him and a long clay pipe in his mouth. This is not mentioned as an unusual position for the great man, for all the long day he sat in no other. As Aaron was taken before him the peddler saw a pair of blue eyes looking at him from a window in the house. There was something in the young girl who owned them to attract him, and there was that in the peddler's spy step and twinkling eye to catch her fancy.

"What you travel Sunday for?" asked Van der Donk, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking sternly at the peddler.

"I'm going to Albany and from there down east. I have sold my wares and want to get home."

"H'm," said the Dutchman, "you stay here till tomorrow. I don't want you to bring the wrath of the Lord down on us."

The peddler threw off his pack, making a virtue of necessity. At least he was the appearance of it. Really he was quite willing to remain over while that he might look upon the fair face of the justice's daughter Katrina, who had looked upon him out of her blue eyes. And the girl was equally desirous of seeing more of the engaging peddler. Why it is no man has ever told us, but peddlers are proverbially fascinating to women. Perhaps it is the same quality that enables them to sell their wares. At any rate, the peddler, leaving his pack for security, went off to the other end of the apple orchard and waited for the girl to come to him, never for a moment doubting that she would do so.

And she did. She had been long desirous of pouring out her dissatisfaction at the life she led to some person in whom she had confidence, and she felt sure that she could confide in the Yankee. She told him that her father compelled her to do all the work, while he smoked and drank schnapps; that she had a thousand dollars in a bank at Albany left her by her mother for which her father was trustee and that he would not let her have it. The peddler told her that she needed a husband to work for her, and she would find this much easier and pleasanter than working for some one else.

Now, the justice, thinking the peddler in a hurry to go on, when the shades of night came down intimated that for a consideration he would pass him. The Yankee declared that Sunday ended at sunset. The Dutchman scouted such theology, maintaining that it lasted till sunrise the next day. The Yankee finally consented to pay. The justice, who either could not write or was too fat or too lazy to write or could not write in English as well as in Dutch, told the Yankee to write a pass. Aaron took up the quill and wrote in an illegible hand on a bit of paper. The Dutchman ran his sleepy eyes over it, grunted "Goot," signed it and handed it back to him. Anthony folded it, put it in his pocket, took up his pack and departed. The justice got up from his chair and by the aid of two canes got himself into the house, where supper was served him by his daughter. Then, after a couple of hours' smoke, he went to bed.

The next morning when he woke up and called Katrina, as usual, there was no response. The old man roused his neighbors, who hunted high and low for the damsel, but she was not to be found. That she had gone with the peddler never occurred to the justice or any of the stupid Dutchmen. If they connected her disappearance with him it was that he might have murdered her.

Two days passed, and Katrina did not reappear. Then one morning there came a letter to old Van der Donk. Since he was not used to receiving letters he felt sure it contained information of his lost daughter. He helped himself with his canes to the apple tree and got one of his neighbors to bring his pipe and his schnapps. After he had taken a pull at the one and the other he broke the letter's seal. It contained a statement closing his account with the bank in Albany where his daughter's legacy was kept. There was one inclosure. The Dutchman looked at it frontward, sideways and up-side down. He could make nothing of it. Then he called the nearest notary, who read it and told him that it was an order for the bank to pay to Aaron Whitney his daughter's legacy, with accumulated interest. In ten minutes more a light broke into the old man's brain.

"Yah," he said reflectively: "it's t' Yankee pass!"

LAURA COLEMAN.

Something Unusual.

Hewitt—I hear that your mother-in-law is dead.

Jewett—Yes, she is, but how did you come to speak of it? It isn't like you to say anything pleasant.—Brooklyn Life.

ADOPT A PLATFORM

Prohibitionists Issue Statement of Principles

MANY MATTERS TREATED

Besides the Abolition of the Manufacture and Sale of Intoxicants in the Document Agreed Upon at Columbus.

Columbus, O., July 17.—At the opening of the Prohibition national convention yesterday, the committee on permanent organization reported as its selection for permanent chairman Charles Scanlon of Pittsburgh. In all other respects the temporary organization was made permanent. The report was unanimously accepted.

Mr. Scanlon, upon assuming the chair, spoke but a few words and then recognized Felix T. McWhirter, treasurer of the national committee, who made a brief appeal for financial aid from the members of the party, in order to meet the expenses of the forthcoming campaign. His statement of what he expected from the party in this direction was greeted with tumultuous applause. There was a generous response to his appeal for contributions.

The adoption of a platform and the nomination of a presidential ticket were scheduled for yesterday. The report of the committee on resolutions was presented by the chairman, Samuel T. Dickie, president of Albion college, Michigan.

Following the adoption of the platform as read the convention took a recess.

The platform agreed upon contains the following declaration of principles:

"1. The submission by Congress to the several states of an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation or transportation of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes.

"2. The immediate prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purpose in the District of Columbia, in the territories and all places over which the national government has jurisdiction, the repeal of the internal revenue tax on alcoholic liquors and the prohibition of the interstate traffic therein.

"3. The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

"4. Equitable graded income and inheritance taxes.

"5. The establishment of postal savings banks and the guaranty of deposits in banks.

"6. The regulation of all corporations doing an interstate commerce business.

"7. The creation of a permanent tariff commission.

"8. The strict enforcement of law instead of the official tolerance and practical license of the social evil which prevails in many of our cities, with its unspeakable traffic.

"9. Uniform marriage and divorce laws.

"10. An equitable and constitutional employers' liability act.

"11. Court review of post-office department decisions.

"12. The prohibition of child labor in mines, workshops and factories.

"13. Legislation basing suffrage only upon intelligence and ability to read and write the English language.

"14. The preservation of the mineral and forest resources of the country and the improvement of the highways and waterways.

"Believing in the righteousness of our cause and in the final triumph of our principles, and convinced of the unwillingness of the Republican and Democratic parties to deal with these issues, we invite to full party fellowship all citizens who with us are agreed."

The Road to Crime.

Whether or not Samuel Clemens knows it, an agent once called upon Mark Twain and sought to interest him in life insurance. At first he talked well; then, having exhausted all of his arguments he merely talked. Mark Twain yawned slightly, and became reminded as follows:

"Some years ago in Hartford, we all went to church one hot, sweltering night, to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary who went around finding people who needed help and didn't want to ask for it. He told of the life in cellars, where poverty resided; he gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. When a man with millions gives, he said, we make a great deal of noise. It's a noise in the wrong place, for it's the widow's mite that counts. Well, Hawley worked me up to a great pitch. I could hardly wait for him to get through. I had \$400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see green backs in every eye. But instead of passing the plate then, he kept on talking and talking, and as he talked it grew hotter and hotter, and we grew sleepier and sleepier. My enthusiasm went down, down, down—\$400 at a clip—until finally, when the plate did come around, I stole ten cents out of it. It all goes to show how a little thing like this can lead to crime."—Everybody's Magazine.

Her Inheritance.

Jeanette—Does Miss Boardman get her lovely complexion from her father or her mother?

Clady (sweetly)—From her father. He's a chemist.—Tit-Bits.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

OFTEN NEEDS A TONIC TO BRING BACK HER STRENGTH.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Just the Remedy Because They Are Effective and Cannot Harm. Even the Most Delicate Constitution.

The young mother who finds that her health and strength does not return after confinement needs a tonic. After the nurse has gone and the doctor has stopped his visits, a weakness often continues which unites her for her household duties and it is then that tonic treatment is needed. But great care must be used in the selection of a strengthening medicine, especially if the mother is nursing the child. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which contain no opiate or other harmful drugs, are just suited to the mother's needs.

Mrs. Ethel K. Foster, of 1808 South Sheffield avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., bears witness to this when she says:

"After the birth of my two children I became in a terrible run-down condition and was weak and sick for about a year and a half. I was always up and around but would have to lie down many times during the day. I couldn't do much work for I would get so weak and tremble so that I would have to lie down. I suffered constantly with headaches, which were in front and on top of my head. There was a feeling of great pressure on my head as though a weight was coming down on it. I would get so dizzy that I couldn't turn around quickly. If I did I would fall down. My heart was weak and I would get out of breath after any little exertion. Many times I would start out for a walk to get a little exercise but was so weak I could go only a little ways. I lost in flesh until I weighed about 90 pounds. I was pale and yellow, my lips had no color and my eyes were sunken in my head. I looked like a dead woman."

"I was under two doctors' care for about nine months. While they kept encouraging me, I grew no better and was completely discouraged. I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after I had taken them a while I felt so much better that I gave them a good trial and was cured. My complexion is healthy and I weigh about 125 pounds, which was my weight before being sick."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Congested Quarter.

Why are some streets so different? The kittens all are long and thin. I think they have more flowers there. But broken things to grow them in.

Why do they like the house so high, And such a little of the ground? And do you think they ever see The moon before it's old and round?

Why won't I like to play there, too? With all the funny things to eat—And all the little carts with bells, And children dancing in the street?

And if I can't, then why do they Stay out the whole of evening? Why do they always seem to have Just not enough of everything?

Why won't you come? Why can't I go? It isn't fair! What makes it so, If the don't like it?—Don't you know? Why do you always never know? —Harper's Weekly.

When He Paid.

Timothy Dodd, he was mighty penurious, Always did hate like the mischief to give.

Spending, he thought, was extremely injurious; Awful, he said, what it cost him to live.

Hung to a cent with the greatest tenacity, Dollars he'd squeeze till they spread at the rim,

Made them all yield to their fullest capacity. Awfully funny it seems about Tim!

Anything like a square deal was a rarity; He wouldn't waste things by paring his cheese.

Go to old Tim and solicit his charity Any old time you wanted to freeze; All of his days he was hagging and dickering;

If you broke even the chances were slim, Now—it is mean, but I cannot help snickering— Awfully funny it seems about Tim!

Visitors Timothy welcomed but chillingly; Still, there came one—undeniable Death.

I can imagine how very unwillingly Timothy finally gave up his breath. Never paid debts—we had all heard him boast of it.

Yet he paid his to that creditor grim. Quite a good joke, and we all make the most of it.

Awfully funny it seems about Tim! —Chicago News.

Previously Inexperienced.

"Since Miss Ann Teek has her electric pianola she speeds so that she keeps the bicycle cops busy."

"Why does she do it?" "She says it's so exciting to be chased by a man."—Brooklyn Life.

Beret.

The way is dark, O God! Let Thy light shine About my path, for Thou hast taken mine.

Give me with clearer eyes Thy Grace to see; And keep, until I come, My own for me.

—Sue Fite Ramsey, in the July Everybody's.

SEEKING A BOSTON CLEW

In the Hazel Drew Murder Mystery

LETTERS FROM HUB PEOPLE

Girl Made a Trip to Boston Not Long Before Her Body Was Found Near Troy—An Effort to Find Companions.

Troy, N. Y., July 17.—That Hazel Drew was in Troy on the afternoon of July 7, the day upon which she is supposed to have been murdered and her body thrown into Teal pond, has been established by the authorities. She was seen on Congress street walking toward Fifth avenue, carrying her suit case, which was found checked at the Union station at 1:49 o'clock that afternoon, presumably by the girl herself.

Adelbert Atwood, parcel clerk at the station, says he remembers receiving the suit case, but cannot identify the bearer as Hazel Drew. It was left by a girl of blonde type, he says, but whether she was accompanied by a companion he is unable to recall.

On Monday afternoon the girl called at the Westcott office at the station and asked that her trunk be taken from the home of Prof. E. R. Cary, where she was last employed, to the home of her parents. Where she spent Monday night the officials have been able to learn. Mrs. Cary says that within the last six months Hazel had taken four trips out of the city. She went to New York twice, staying two days on each trip; once to Providence for two days, and to Boston for a three days' sojourn.

Who her companions were on these visits the police are trying to ascertain. Letters were found in the girl's trunk from persons in the cities mentioned, but the district attorney refuses to make known their contents. He says that in none of the letters thus far examined are there love messages or anything to indicate that Hazel had a sweetheart.

The search for clues that will aid in fixing the responsibility for the crime continued yesterday. The county authorities have offered a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer.

NO INVESTIGATIONS.

Boston Police Not Yet Concerning Themselves with Troy Mystery.

Boston, July 17.—Chief William B. Warts of the bureau of criminal investigation said yesterday that he had received no communication from the Troy authorities regarding the Drew murder mystery.

The chief added that no investigation in connection with the murder was being carried on in this city.

MURDERS JUDGE

WHO JAILED HIM.

Archibald Herron Shoots Rev. Mr. Prickett, Former Recorder at Metuchen.

New York, July 17.—The Rev. F. B. D. Prickett, a retired Methodist Episcopal clergyman, editor of the Metuchen (N. Y.) Weekly Reporter, was shot and killed by Archibald Herron at his home in Metuchen yesterday. Mr. Prickett was recorder of that borough up to a year ago and he once sentenced Herron to 10 days' imprisonment for neglecting his family and being drunk and disorderly.

Herron threatened to get even when he was sentenced and had nursed his vengeance a twelvemonth. After the shooting he returned to his house and, cocked revolver in hand, stood at the top of the first flight of stairs and defied the constables and citizens. They told him they would take him dead or alive, at whatever cost to themselves, and, after much parley, he surrendered.

Mr. Prickett was 68. He had had charges in different Methodist churches in northern New Jersey and at Metuchen, and when he retired from active religious work 15 years ago he took up his residence at Metuchen. He was recorder judge in criminal cases, for a year. Herron would not talk of his crime; the only explanation is that his yearning for revenge finally drove him to it.

Not Encouraging.

Young Howard—Is Miss Smith in? Waitress—Yes, sir.

Young Howard—Can I see her? Waitress—Yes. Go round to the side of the house and peek through the blinds and you can see her in there with Mr. Bartow.—Harper's Bazar.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in \$1.00 as 50c size.

IS NOT A DYE. It is a hair restorer. It is a hair restorer. It is a hair restorer.

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MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Submarine Fishing Boat.

The Tunisian sponge-fishing industry until a few years ago was practiced in a most primitive manner by free divers who by the duties of their profession considerably endangered their lungs and health. This method has been more and more superseded during recent years by the use of diving outfits, while a further step towards a more convenient and hygienic practice has been recently taken by Abbe Raoul at Carthage by the construction of a fishing boat in which the submarine principle is applied more effectively to the purpose of that peaceful industry.

The boat, which has been built on Abbe Raoul's plan, consists mainly of a spheroidal cylindrical buoy on which a cupola gives access to the interior has been fitted.

The interior of the boat contains two compressed air tanks, receiving air at 250 pounds pressure, and three water-ballast tanks by the aid of which the diving and rising motion is obtained. An iron ballast 1,500 pounds in weight attached below the bottom can be disengaged from within in order quickly to raise the boat to the surface in the case of danger.

On arriving at the bottom of the sea the diving boat is free to travel over the latter by means of a roller fitted to one end, its propulsion being effected by two submarine oars actuated from within.

The fishing apparatus is a pair of pincers. These pincers are actuated from within and are free to occupy any angle inside of a given sector—which is limited by the ball joint of their handle. They are likewise susceptible of a rotation round their axis.

All the different operations are facilitated by electric lighting supplied by a system of four ten-candle lamps attached inside of the vessel to the box-shaped bibbs.—August Technical World.

True Unselfishness.

"Alert!" repeated Senator Hopkins when question concerning one of his colleagues. "Why, he's as alert and clever as the Aurora bridgegroom I heard of the other day. You know how bridgegrooms starting off on their honeymoons have a way of forgetting all about their brides and buying tickets only for themselves? Well, that's what this Aurora bridegroom did. And when his wife said to him, 'Why, John, you bought only one ticket,' he answered without a moment's hesitation: 'By Jove, you're right, dear! I'd forgotten myself entirely!'"—Everybody's Magazine.

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE BLOOD.

Its Reactions Show It to Be the Most Hereditary Thing About the Animal Species.

A drop of the blood of a walrus shows no relation with a drop of whale's blood, or of the blood of any other cetacean, such as seals or porpoises, which, like the walrus, are mammals that have taken to the sea. Instead of that, the blood of the walrus immediately reacts with the blood of horses, asses and zebras, thus proving that he is an equine that no longer crops grass, but goes where he can live on an exclusively fish diet. Likewise, the hippopotamus is shown to be a modified pig.

Where a blood relationship exists, but is distant, these reactions are proportionately faint, but where no reaction occurs there is no relationship at all. Thus, geology indicates that birds are descended from reptiles, and, odd enough, the blood of a bird shows a distinct, though very faint, reaction with the blood of a snake, but none whatever with that of the winged bat or the flying squirrel, for these are mammals.

On the other hand, the marsupials, once such a great family, but now reduced to the kangaroo, the opossum, and a small creature in South America, have now not a single blood relation left. As to man, he has no relationship to monkeys, but the blood of anthropoid apes shows a very faint reaction with his. Meantime, all the races of man are unmistakably of one blood, whatever their color or shade.

Hence the blood is by far the most hereditary thing about us. Neither the shape of the skeleton, nor the contour of the body, nor brain, heart, lungs, stomach, intestines, liver or skin, nor even ancestral habits about the great food question—Darwin's only Creator—how to eat or keep from being eaten—are comparable to a single drop of blood for telling the correct story of descent. All this gives a new meaning to the words, "For the blood thereof is the life thereof." Likewise, the old saying that insanity runs in the blood now wears a scientific look, since blood and family are so inseparably associated.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson, in the July Everybody's.

A Mormon's wife, coming down stairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes, But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."—Everybody's Magazine.

Trinity Church Spends Thousands Annually in Philanthropic Work, But Maintains the Worst Tenements in the Country.

Is Trinity, which draws from the bell of the West Side tenement district so much mysterious revenue, and disposes of it as mysteriously, indifferent to its duty as a benevolent institution? Not at all. Look in the year-book of the parish. You will see that Trinity maintains trade-schools, parochial schools, missions, many kinds of philanthropy. It teaches girls to cook and sew and gives military training to boys. Every summer it gives to the children of its Sunday school an excursion, up the Hudson, for instance, and I am assured that these excursions are delightful occasions, and the children are very happy, and it would do one good to see how they enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine. Every chapel in the Trinity organization has its builds and associations for charitable work; every one of its clergy is thoroughly impressed with the idea of doing good in the world.

But the fact from which I have found no escape is, that the money for these excellent excursions is produced from a living inferno, and the greatest of all the mysteries seems to be this; that even for the religious and benevolent purposes specified by Trinity's charter the means should come in this way.—Charles Edward Russell, in the July Everybody's.

New System of Underwater Wireless.

John Gardner, the English scientist, purposes accomplishing by means of submarine sound waves very much what is now possible through the agency of Hertzian waves, but he has it in his power easily to improve upon the latter by preventing the purpose of his sound waves being blocked or interfered with by other sound waves set up by someone else either accidentally or intentionally. In wireless telegraphy and in distant control by wireless impulses or waves, the rapid and continuous sending of a series of other waves will produce what is technically known as "interference," which has the same effect that two people speaking rapidly at the same time have upon a listener—there would be confusion and but little proper understanding. It was to provide against this difficulty that Mr. Gardner discovered and developed his present system of sound control.

Mr. Gardner has recourse to two simple elements in the get-up of his apparatus. One is a thin strip of tape of metal which he can tighten just as one does the string on an instrument so as to vary its pitch, and the other is a small and very delicately-adjusted microphone. Having turned his metallic strip to the desired key, Mr. Gardner places upon this strip one of the two small carbons of his microphone. When the right sound waves reach the receiver

er then, and only then, the intimacy of contact between the two carbons is broken, the electrical current is interfered with, and the index hand swings to one side far enough to close or "make" a second and more powerful electrical circuit. This second circuit is strong enough to set in motion certain mechanical functions the order in which these functions or movements take place depending upon the number of times and the interval between the arrival of the proper disturbing note. Any instrument or any medium that will produce the required tone will answer to set the necessary operations in motion, first by disturbing the vibrator, second by varying the current flowing through the carbon pencils of the microphone, and thirdly by closing the more powerful current so that the necessary electrical energy can flow to the various points and cause the movement of the several mechanical features.

Mr. Gardner's laboratory apparatus—which in working principle is identical with that installed in his submarine boat—was made to go through the various movements of revolving a small propeller, swinging a rudder from side to side, and in expelling a miniature dummy torpedo. Each and every one of these operations was proved to be unfailingly responsive to the utterances or sounding of the proper note in the required order.—Technical World Magazine for August.

Conditions Which Make Crime.

Judge McKenzie Cleland of Chicago, has made a great stir in that city with original methods of treating urban criminals. In the July McClure's he tells his conclusion in this great problem, and the evil conditions which he found there.

"The Municipal Court of Chicago," he says, "began its existence December 3d, 1906. Besides transacting civil business, it is the trial court for all misdemeanors as well as for all violations of city ordinances. The Maxwell street criminal branch, where I presided for thirteen months, is on the West Side, about a mile from the city hall, in what is known as the Ghetto District. This district—not more than a mile square—has between two and three hundred thousand inhabitants, of thirty different nationalities, many of them from the poorest laboring class. In one school district near the court, three and one-half blocks long and two blocks wide, there are fourteen hundred public school children, besides hundreds who attend parochial schools, and many who attend none.

"It is the Maxwell street district of which a leading Chicago newspaper, after quoted in McClure's Magazine, said: 'In this territory murderers, robbers and thieves of the worst kind are born, reared, and grown to maturity in numbers which exceed the record of any similar district anywhere on the face of the globe; murders by the score shooting and stabbing affrays by the hundred, assaults, burglaries, and robberies by the thousand—such is the crime record each year for this festering place of evil which lies a scant mile from the heart of Chicago.'

"Within a few days from my going into this court, I was confronted with the problem of what to do with violators of the city laws who had others dependent upon them for support. To impose a fine upon such persons would, if the fine were paid, ordinarily deprive the family of some of the necessities of life. On the other hand, if the fine were